

F.D.C.

JAN.

10¢

NO. 1



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

THE

KEY

SINCE I
AM THE
POSSESSOR
OF THE KEY, I
HAVE NO NEED
FOR MASKS,
COSTUMES OR
SUPERHUMAN
POWERS!

JEFFERY
QUICK

DR. QUICK
IN THE
TREMENDOUS CASE
OF THE
MISSING RATION
BOOKS!

A KEY CAN MEAN MANY
THINGS TO MANY PEOPLE...
BUT TO JEFFERY QUICK,
THE KEY OPENS THE
DOOR TO STRANGE
ADVENTURES - - -
UNLOCKS THE DARK
SECRETS OF THOSE
WHO PLOT TO DESTROY
- - - AND POINTS
THE WAY TO DANGER!

THE KEY
BELONGED TO
MY TRIBE
UNTIL WE
BESTOWED IT
UPON JEFFERY
QUICK-- ONLY
TO HIM WOULD
WE GIVE IT!

PALO

FARREL

I HAVE A FOOL-PROOF
SYSTEM TO MAKE CRIME
PAY! THE KEY? WHAT
DIFFERENCE DOES
IT MAKE TO ME?

KEY COMICS is published monthly by CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC., at 29 Worthington Street, Springfield 3, Mass. J. A. Ruby, publisher. Editorial and Executive offices at 42 West 45th Street, New York 19, New York, U. S. A. All material in this magazine is conceived and created by Funnies, Inc., 49 West 45th Street, New York 19, New York. Second class entry applied for at Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1877. Single copy, 10¢; yearly subscription in U. S., \$1.20. No actual person is named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages. Copyright, 1943 by CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC. Application for title pending at U. S. Pat. Off. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. 1, No. 1, January 1944.





BACK IN JEFF'S APARTMENT--

YOU THINK OF SOMETHING?

GOSH, YES! I ALMOST FORGOT THAT I HAVE TO RENEW MY GAS RATION BOOK TODAY! WON'T TAKE LONG, PALO--



THE SCHOOL'S JUST DOWN THE BLOCK--

THE CITY IS VERY LARGE AND STRANGE PLACE--EASY TO LOSE ONESELF!



BUT, THIS VERY MOMENT, THINGS START TO HAPPEN AT THE SCHOOL!

THIS IS THE PLACE, BOYS-- SCATTER AND COVER THE DOORS! GET OUT YOUR RODS!

OKAY



OKAY, FELLERS-- KEEP 'EM QUIET AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!

SURE HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

WHA-- CROOKS!



LOU-- START STUFFING THOSE RATION BOOKS INTO THE SUIT-CASES!

RIGHT-- I'M BEGINNIN' TO CATCH ON! BOY, WE COULD FIGHT A WAR WID DE DOUGH DESE THINGS ARE WORTH!



JEFF QUICK AND PALO PICK THIS MOMENT TO ENTER--

WAIT-- PALO, LOOK! SOMETHING'S GOING ON!

IT WAS THE KEY THAT IMPELLED US HERE!

WHAT IS THE KEY? WHAT IS IT WORTH TO JEFFERY QUICK?









I THINK WE CAN USE THIS MUG FOR OUR PLAN-- HERE-- LOU, BAT HIM OVER THE BEAN!

YEAH.. BUT GOOD! GIMME..



TOO BAD DIS AIN'T A TOMAHAWK, INJUN -- WHAT'S NEXT, BOSS?

UHHH!

YOU GUYS EVER NOTICED THAT ACE ARMORED TRUCK PASSES THIS PLACE?

YEAH, I GUESSED SO!

HUH- THIS SOUNDS MORE LIKE OUR MEAT, BOSS!

WELL, THAT'S OUR LAST JOB.. THAT TRUCK WILL BE CARRYING A FORTY THOUSAND DOLLAR LOAD!

BRING OLD 'SLEEPIN' BULL' INTO THE STREET! HE'S GONNA STOP THAT TRUCK FOR US!

HUH. HA! HA! AND HE WON'T EVEN KNOW HE'S DOIN' IT!



WHEW! NICE PICKINS!

OKAY, BOSS!



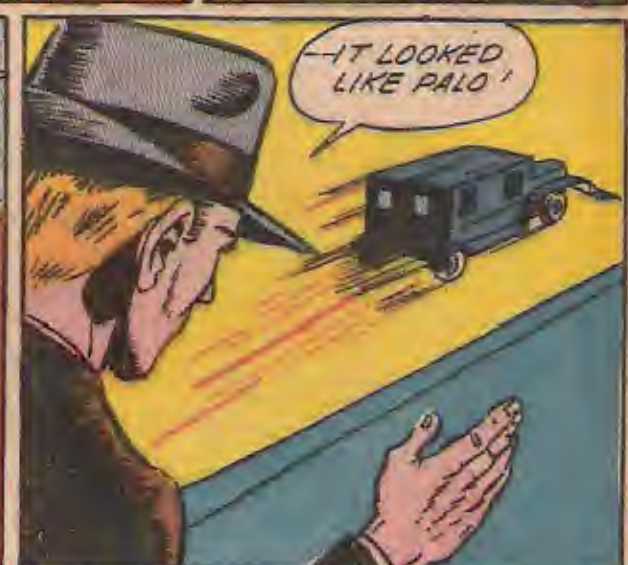
OKAY, BOYS, TAKE COVER -- YOU'VE GOT YOUR ORDERS FOR WHEN THAT TRUCK SHOWS UP!

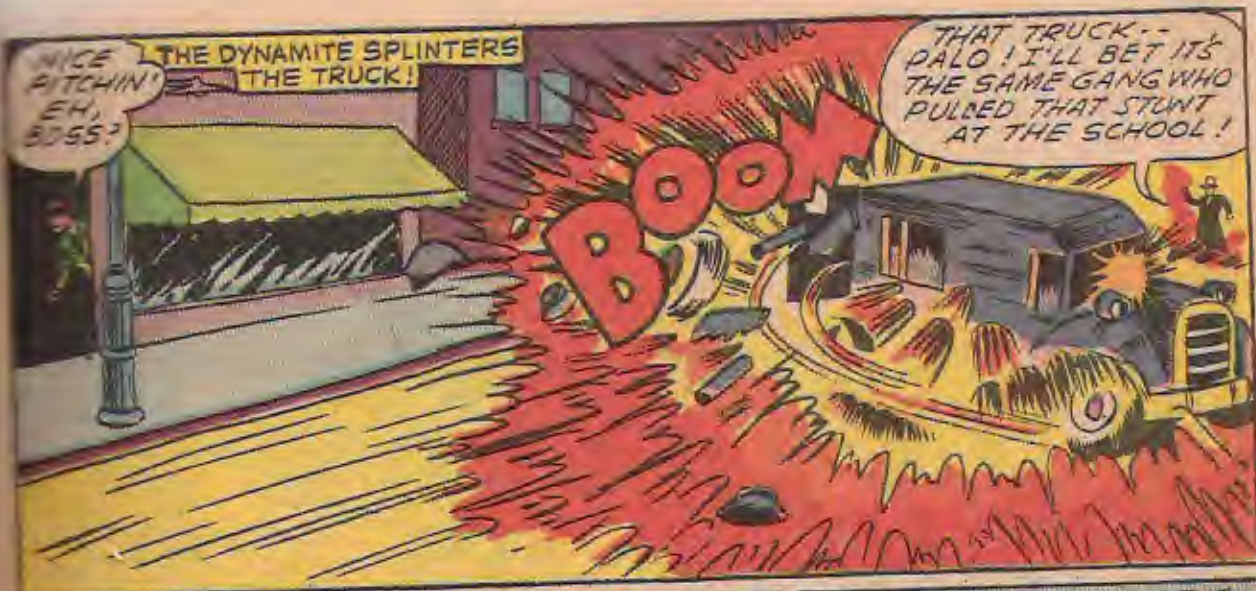
PALO'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM IS PLACED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET - - -

BUT JEFF HAS MADE A FRUITLESS SEARCH AND RETURNS TO MEET PALO - - -

WONDER IF PALO TURNED UP ANYTHING -- HE'S NOT BACK YET -- BEEN GONE A LONG TIME!







NICE
PITCHIN'
EH,
BOSS?

THE DYNAMITE SPLINTERS
THE TRUCK!

THAT TRUCK--
PALO! I'LL BET IT'S
THE SAME GANG WHO
PULLED THAT STUNT
AT THE SCHOOL!

BOOM



BEAUTIFUL, LOU!
OKAY, BOYS--
GET OUT THERE
AND LOAD THOSE
SUITCASES!

WHEE--
LOOK AT
THAT GOLD
MINE!
ALL
OURS!



HURRY IT
UP, BOYS--
THAT NOISE'LL
BRING
COMPANY!

IT IS TIME
NOW FOR THE
KEY TO LOCK
THE DOOR
ON THEIR
CAREER
OF CRIME!



THE KEY SNAPS THROUGH THE
AIR--

THE KEY--
IT'S GOT
ME!
HELP!

RUN!



A SLIGHT TUG ON THE SILKEN CORD
AND...

DROP THE MONEY,
YOU ROTTEN CROOK!
WHAT DID YOU DO
TO PALO?!



OKAY, KEY-- I'LL
TELL YOU... WE
KILLED HIM JUST
LIKE WE'RE
GONNA KILL
YOU! I DON'T
LIKE THE WAY
YOU COME SNEAK-
ING AROUND
WITH THAT
CONTRAPTION!

THE BULLET SEVERS THE SILKEN THREAD...



DICK DASH

IN NAZI OCCUPIED EUROPE

THIS WAR IS A DREADFUL THING, DICK! YOU SHOULD RETURN TO AMERICA WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME.

BUT, SIR, THE NAZIS CAN'T HURT ME! MY COUNTRY'S NOT AT WAR!

DARK PLANES, BOMBS... WAR!
THE FULL FURY OF THE NAZI FORCE STRIKES NEAR A QUIET PRIVATE SCHOOL IN FRANCE AS AN AMERICAN BOY, **DICK DASH** AND THE SCHOOL HEAD WATCH, HELPLESS!

THE TIME IS DURING THE NAZI INVASION OF FRANCE... A DARK MENACE IS IN THE AIR!

DICK BOY! THE NAZIS WOULD KILL YOU AS A FRENCH-BOY! GO! I BEG OF YOU!

YOU FORGET, M'SIEU RENOIR... MY FAMILY IS STILL IN FRANCE... AND I HAVE LIVED HERE FIVE YEARS...

A FRIGHTENED SCHOOL BOY RUNS TOWARD THEM...

IT IS LITTLE PHILIPPE! THE BOMBINGS MUST HAVE TERRIFIED THE LITTLE FELLOW!

OH! DR. RENOIR, M'SIEU - I OH!





MEANWHILE, DICK AND PHILLIPS ARE CONFINED IN A CLASSROOM WITH SOME OTHER STUDENTS.

THEY'VE ARRESTED DR. RENDOR AND WE'RE GUARDED, BUT...

GOSH, YOU HAVE AN IDEA, DICK?



WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! I CAN'T JUST SIT AROUND AND LET THEM TAKE HIM AWAY!

SO! THEY'LL PROBABLY SHOOT US ANYWAY!

THEY'LL SHOOT US!



I HAVE AN IDEA-- PIERRE YOU STILL HAVE YOUR SLINGSHOT IN YOUR DESK?

YES... I WILL GET IT!

WHAT CAN I DO?



HERE, DICK... BUT OF WHAT USE IS THIS?

WELL, I'VE GOT SOME CHALK-- WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL IT'S GOOD AND DARK TO CARRY OUT MY SCHEME!



LATER...

HE'S LIGHTING THE LAMP-- SEE?

OH-H! OUI!



YOU ARE ALL ARMED? GOOD! NOW IS THE TIME!

I HOPE YOUR AIM IS GOOD AS USUAL!

SHOOT, DICK!



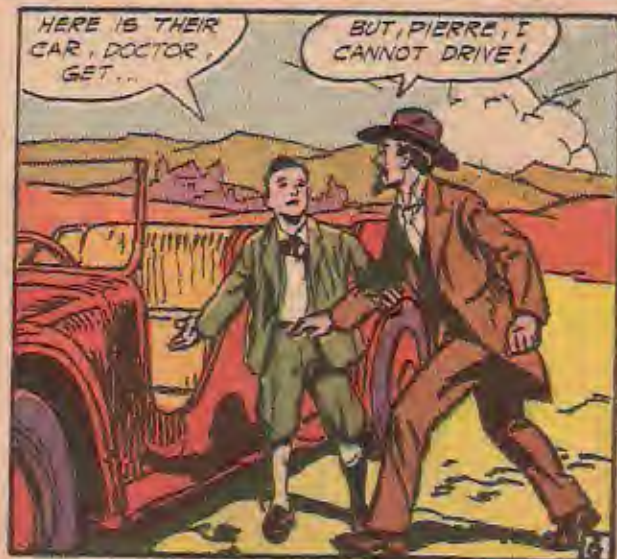
VASS HIMMEL!





OKAY, C'MON, KIDS!





I AM NOT VERY CERTAIN
BUT I WILL TRY, SIR!

PIERRE, BE
CAREFUL!

PIERRE FINDS THE ACCEL-
ERATOR AND STEPS ON IT ---

WE'VE PASSED
THE NAZIS,
SIR!

WHAT OF
THE OTHER
BOYS,
PIERRE?

BANG

BANG

LOOK -- THAT FOOL GOES IN
CIRCLES --- SHOOT HIM!

PIERRE! WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?

I'M GOING TO
RUN DOWN AS
MANY AS I
CAN, SIR!
HOLD TIGHT!

I'M AFRAID
YOU MISSED
THEM!

AS PIERRE DELIBERATELY TURNS THE CAR
AROUND, A SMALL FIGURE DASHES INTO THE
OPEN TOWARD THEM...

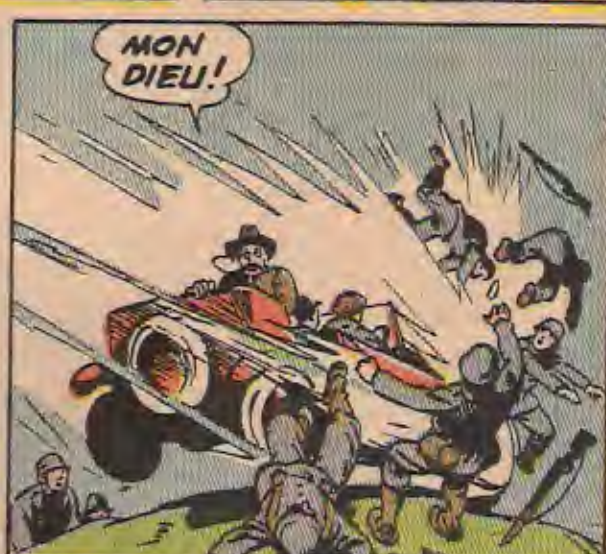
HEY!
HOLD UP!

LOOK! IT'S DICK!
HE'S COMING AFTER
US!

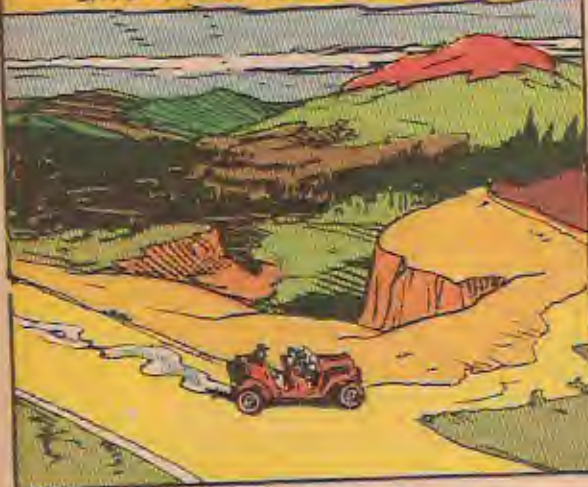
WHEW! THOSE FELLOWS
ALMOST GOT ME THAT
TIME! GET GOING!

DICK, YOU TAKE
THE WHEEL --- YOU
KNOW HOW TO DRIVE!

THANK HEAVENS
YOU'RE SAFE!



A FEW MILES FARTHER ON, DICK SWINGS OFF
ONTO A MOUNTAINOUS ROAD...



WE'RE ONLY SEVEN MILES FROM THE SWISS
BORDER NOW -- PERHAPS WE CAN THROW THE
NAZIS OFF OUR TRAIL FOR LONG ENOUGH TO GET
YOU SAFELY ACROSS, DOCTOR!

I DON'T UNDER-
STAND, DICK!

NOR DO I!



WELL, IF WE SHOVE THE CAR OVER THE CLIFF,
PERHAPS THEY WILL THINK WE WENT OVER
WITH IT!



DICK TURNS THE CAR AND HEADS IT FOR THE
PRECIPICE --- JUMPING OUT JUST IN TIME ...



THERE
SHE GOES!

THAT CERTAINLY
LOOKS CONVINC-
ING!



AND LOOK BELOW ON
THE ROAD, DICK!

NOW THEY WILL SEE
AND THINK WHAT WE WISH
THEM
TO!

THE NAZI PATROL!
HOW CONVENIENT
OF THEM!





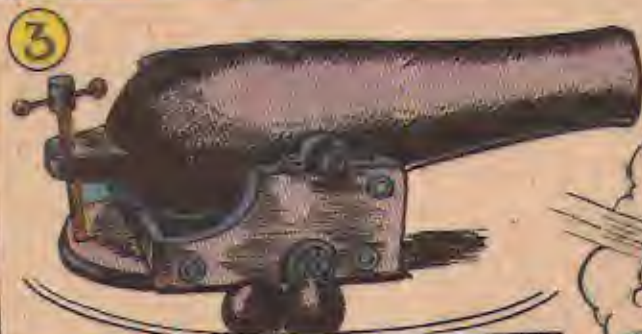
NAVAL GUNS

THROUGH THE AGES

BELOW IS PICTURED A SOLID CAST 24 POUNDER SUCH AS WAS USED ON THE U.S. FRIGATE, "OLD IRONSIDES"

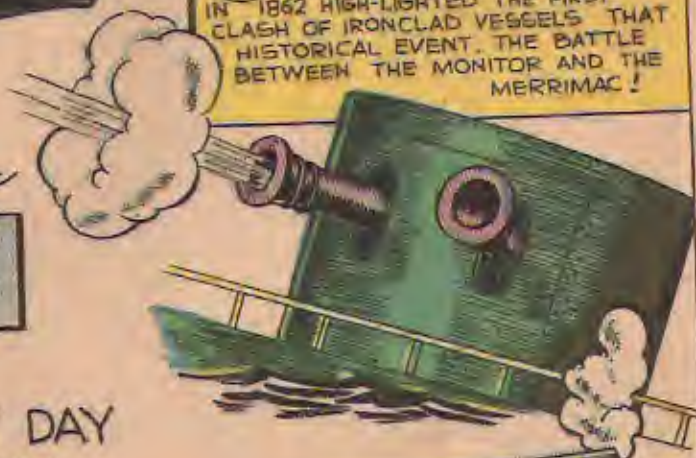


ABOVE IS SHOWN THE HOLLOW-CAST GUNS WITH WHICH DRAKE DEFEATED THE SPANISH ARMADA IN 1588. MADE OF IRON AND BRASS THEY EJECTED A 24 POUND STONE.



THE DAHLGREN GUN, A CIVIL WAR VETERAN, WAS THE BEST MUZZLE-LOADED CANNON EVER TO BE USED IN NAVAL BATTLE.

4 THE ADVENT OF THE TURRET GUN IN 1862 HIGHLIGHTED THE FIRST CLASH OF IRONCLAD VESSELS THAT HISTORICAL EVENT, THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC!



THE PRESENT DAY
5 TURRET GUN



THIS MECHANICAL MONSTER WITH A 16 INCH BORE IS CAPABLE OF FIRING ONE-TON PROJECTILES MORE THAN 20 MILES! THE ACCURACY OF THESE SPLENDID GUNS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GREAT NUMBER OF ENEMY PRIZED VESSELS DESTROYED SINCE PEARL HARBOR!



A SOLDIER

RENEE FRANC jerked the lines on his parachute frantically as the dark earth rushed up to meet him through the rain. His body swung back and forth like a clock's pendulum and the rain splattered coldly on his face as the umbrella of his chute was tilted sideways by his swaying body. And as he swayed he could hear the last fading drone of the Fortress that had brought him across the Channel for a secret demolition job and was now racing back to England. Renee was on his own. After several years he was back in the land where he had been born, but now he would find thousands of enemy Nazis that would shoot on sight.

His feet struck the ground, and as they did he fell back loosely, pulling on the lines to spill air out of the chute. He unbuckled the straps and dragged the chute along the ground, rolled it in a ball, and hid it under a bush. As he did this, he knew that he was less than 200 yards north of Dijon Falls. Then he thought it odd that he could not hear the roar of the falling water.

He struck out in the direction of the Falls, his sharp young eyes peering intently into the dark. He had walked only a few yards when he stumbled over a rope and knew he had found what he sought—the lines of a parachute the Fortress had tossed out only a few moments before he had jumped—a parachute carrying to earth an oilskin-wrapped box of demolition materials for him to use in his dangerous job.

Renee's hands followed the lines until he came to the heavy box. He slashed the ropes with his knife and was about to hoist the box to his shoulder when he heard a crunching footstep behind him. He whirled like a flash and his hand whipped to the holster at his side. His gun was in his hand, pointing at a dark blur moving out from behind a scrawny, bomb-smashed tree. The blur whispered, "Renee!"

"Pierre!" Renee's voice shrilled with joy. "Brother!"

Pierre Franc embraced his younger brother. "Your plans have worked well. All is in readiness for you to prepare for the bombers when

they come. But we must hurry. The Nazis have a patrol along the river."

They carried the box between them, moving like ghosts in the rainy night. Renee said, "I always thought Dijon Falls made more noise in the night."

Pierre spoke softly. "My brother, it is several years since you left France. Dijon Falls is no more. The Nazis ruined it."

"What could they do to Dijon Falls?"

"We are close now." He paused. "There is where Dijon Falls used to be." He pointed to a sheer wall of rock that lifted into the darkness seventy-five feet above the floor of the valley. "Dijon Falls carried the waters of the river over the cliff and then the river flowed away to the town. Now all that is left of the Falls is a cave in the wall beneath it."

Renee said, "My job is demolition. What am I supposed to do? The Major said you would have definite instructions."

"Come and I will show you. First we must climb the cliff."

Renee followed his brother up the rocky slope and presently they stood on top of the slope and Pierre explained. "The river flows along here as it has done for centuries. But the Nazis diverted the river from Dijon Falls and made it fall over the other side of the cliff. And they built a concrete retaining wall so the river could not seek its old course."

Renee was puzzled. "Why should the Nazis move the river?"

"They had an airplane factory in Dijon and the Allies bombed it every day. So the Nazis moved the factory—far underground—and then they diverted the river and sent it flowing over the top of the factory. It serves as perfect camouflage and protection from bombers."

The boy smiled. "And my job is to blow out the retaining wall the Nazis built so the river will resume its old course—go over Dijon Falls—and leave the airplane factory exposed for our bombers!"

"Right. But we must get busy. The bombers are due in three hours to lay their eggs."

Renee set about his job. He placed dynamite

ing caps in sticks of dynamite and inserted the sticks, carefully tamped, in various cracks and crevices in the base of the concrete retaining wall the Nazis had built at the top of what had been Dijon Falls.

He connected wires to these caps and then led the wires to a detonating box powered with a storage battery. Then he arranged the detonating mechanism of a steel booby trap, which he placed in the depth gauge bracket on the retaining wall. Now he connected wires from the booby trap to the other wires leading to the detonator box handle, so that a strong tug on the master wire would not only set off the sensitive booby trap but also complete the circuit on the detonator box and explode the heavy charges of dynamite.

They had just about finished their work when Pierre whispered, "Shhhh! The Nazi patrol is coming! Get off the cliff."

They clambered down the cliff silently; Renee carrying with him the loose end of the master wire connected to the detonator box and the booby trap. They shivered in the cold rain at the base of the cliff, cowering against the rock while the solitary Nazi sentry walked along the top of the concrete wall above their heads. They decided to slip into the cave under the falls to prevent the Nazi from catching a glimpse of them if he glanced downward.

They slipped through the narrow opening, in front of which the waters of Dijon Falls had plunged in former days. Renee still held the wire in his hand. "I hope that Nazi doesn't trip over the wire. He'll blow everything sky-high."

Renee stepped out of the tiny cave and peered upward into the rain. "He's gone far enough so he can't see or hear us." He grinned. "In just four minutes we are supposed to set off the explosives and blow the dam over the falls so the river will be dry over the factory when our bombers come."

He took his automatic out of its holster and wrapped the loose end of the wire around the barrel several times. "Just a tiny jerk will set off the booby trap but it will take a powerful pull on that detonator handle to explode the dynamite." He put his gun on the ground and looked at the radium dial of his watch. "Two minutes to go before we set off the charges."

"Put up your hands!" A coarse German voice roared the command. Renee whirled in surprise and his heart fell in dismay. Standing behind them, away from the cave, stood a huge German officer with a big Luger pistol and two German soldiers with bayoneted rifles.

The Nazis laughed. "You should not leave parachutes lying around at night, Dummkopf!"

Renee was stalling for time as he began to edge closer and closer to his own automatic lying on the ground. If he could manage to reach the gun and jerk the wire tied to it he could at least set off the explosives before the Nazis could shoot him down.

The Nazi scowled in the dark. "We tie you so you can try no tricks to escape. Turn around."

Renee made a half turn as if to obey. Then he whirled and dove headlong on the ground toward his own pistol. The German fired and the bullet kicked up dirt in front of Renee's face. One of the soldiers raked his boot across the ground and kicked Renee's gun a few feet out of his reach.

He squirmed to his knees and sprawled again on the ground, reaching for the pistol so he could reach it, jerk the wire, and set off the high explosives. His fingers clutched it and then a German boot descended on his arm and ground it cruelly into the rocks. Renee screamed with pain. The German reached down and picked up Renee's gun and made a vicious sweep at Renee's head. Renee ducked aside, grinning.

For the vicious swing had jerked the explosive wire and set off all the charges on the cliff above Dijon Falls. A roar like that of an earthquake cracked the night and a red sheet of flame shoved tons of rock and concrete from the top of the cliff and released the river to its normal course. A sheet of water fifty feet thick came plunging down the cliff. It meant certain death for anyone caught in its path. The Germans stared up, screaming with horror, frozen in their tracks with frenzied fear.

Renee got up and hurled himself against his brother. They both tumbled headlong into the tiny cave in the rock wall. The terrified Germans tried to follow, but before they could reach it, that tremendous sheet of falling water hit them and swept them away to kicking, struggling, screaming death.

Renee and Pierre got to their feet and, pressing themselves close against the cliff wall, walked safely from under the roaring water of the Dijon Falls. They climbed the cliff and looked down into the valley. The river bed was now just a dry gully in the plain, and they could see the flat expanse of the airplane factory roof, no longer hidden by the water. Above them in the rainy night they could hear the roar of scores of Flying Fortresses coming in on the target from England.

Renee smiled at his brother. "Our work is finished. The Forts will complete the job we started."

THE END

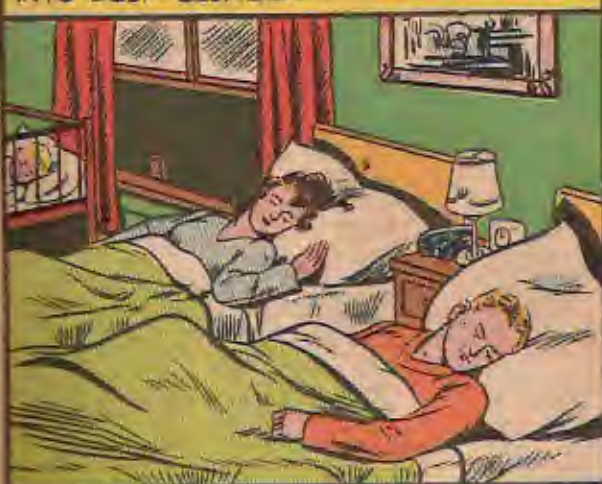
The GALE LEARY WILLO' THE WISP







46 RESTFUL SILENCE CURTAINS THE LEARY HOME AS ITS OCCUPANTS FALL INTO DEEP SLUMBER



BUT OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM WINDOW EVIL FIGURES ARE SNEAKING AROUND ...

















THE CURSE OF THE FORTUNE TELLER



ONE INKY NIGHT OFF THE SHORE OF CONEY ISLAND - THE LONG SLEEK FORM OF A NAZI U-BOAT ROLLS BACK THE WATERS AND BREAKS SURFACE!



A RUBBER BOAT PUTS OUT...









GRABY WITH FEAR AND ANGER SEIFERT PULLS HIS GUN AND SHOTS THE GYPSY WOMAN BETWEEN THE EYES!





THAT FORTUNE
TELLER SAID
HE'D DIE BY
BREAKING...

BAH--IT IS JUST
COINCIDENCE! RUN--
DER POLICE ARE
COMING UP ON DER
PLATFORM!



VHAT FOOLS VE
VERE--NOW DER
TRAIN CANNOT GO.
VHAT CAN
VE DO?

CROSS DER
TRACK TO DER
OTHER SIDE!
MACH SCHNELL!



I THINK
DEY ARE FOOLED.
DEY DO NOT
FOLLOW!

JA--DER
LEADERS TOLD
US DER AMERICANS
ARE STUPID



THE CHATTER OF A
TOMMY GUN HALTS
THEIR FLIGHT!

YAGH--DEY HAF
A MACHINE GUN!

RUN, KARL,
RUN!



O.K., NAZIS--
STOP OR BE
STOPPED!

CATCH ME--
I SLIP..

VATCH OUT!



A BRILLIANT
FLASH--A
HARSH
CRACKLE
ANNOUNCES
THE SECOND
DEATH!





MASCOT MONKEYSHINES!!!

HOOC, THE MONKEY -
AND POOCH, THE DOG,
ARE MASCOTS OF
THE MARINES -
STATIONED SOMEWHERE
IN THE SOUTH SEAS.
THEIR KEEPERS -
MONK AND SLIM -
ARE BUDDIES --
JUST TWO HARD,
TOUGH LEATHERNECKS!
HOOC AND POOCH ARE
FRIENDLY ENEMIES,
RIVALS FOR THE
PRAISES OF THEIR
LEATHERNECK
OWNERS!

LISTEN, YOU SON
OF A FLEA-BITTEN
MANGY RAT -
IF I WAS TH'
CAPTAIN OF THESE
LEATHERNECKS,
I'D HAVE YOU
POISONED - BUT
DEFINITELY!

YEA-H-H-
WELL, IF THEY
KNEW WHAT
I'M A'THINKIN'
'BOUT YOU,
THEY'D SHOOT
ME AT
SUNRISE!

OUR LI'L OLD MASCOTS
GIT ALONG FINE --
LIKE THEY WAS
TWINNIES!

YEH!



BY ION

OUR STORY OPENS EARLY IN THE MORNING --
SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS --
ON THE EDGE OF A JUNGLE -- REVEILLE



HIT TH' DECK! YOU AINT SLEEPIN' UP
FOR TH' DURATION IN THIS OUTFIT!
OR DO YOU WISH ME TO SERVE BREAKFAST
TO YOU IN BED? **HIT TH' DECK, I SAY!**



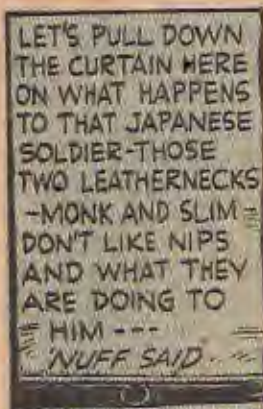
WHY DON'T SOMEONE TELL ME THESE THINGS!











COME ON, YOU POOR LITTLE RING-TAILED BABOON, I'LL LEAD YOU TO OUR PALS - YOU MIGHT GIT LOST!

EKK!



I HOPE HE CHOKES --- I HOPE HE RUNS INTO A JAPANESE MACHINE GUN NEST - HE THINKS HE'S SO SMART! DECORATIONS FOR HIM- PHOOEY!

GRIT GRIND



HALP! HOOCH, RUN! THERE'S A MESS OF BEES AFTER ME - ONE STUNG ME!

BEES? THOSE AREN'T BEES - THEY'RE BULLETS!



I'M GOING TO DO SOME RUNNING MYSELF. MAYBE SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN TO RELIEVE THE SITUATION I NOW FIND MYSELF IN!



BEING A MONKEY HAS ITS ADVANTAGES I CAN TRAVEL AS WELL UP IN THE TREE TOPS AS ON THE GROUND.



OH-OH! LOOK WHAT I'VE RUN INTO - A JAP MACHINE GUN NEST FIRING AT A COUPLE OF LEATHERNECKS. O-ME O-MY! IT'S SLIM AND MONK - I'VE GOTTA DO SOME QUICK THINKING!



IF WE COULD ONLY REACH 'EM WITH HAND GRENADES BUT THEY'RE TOO FAR AWAY AND WELL HIDDEN IN THEM PALM BUSHES

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP MY PALS?

KEEP THAT GUN HOT, YOU BEAN POLE, AND DON'T DO SO MUCH TALKIN'!



HM-M- IT'S AN IDEA AND IT MIGHT WORK! I'LL GIVE IT A TRY ANYWAY -

RATATTA...
BANG!
BANG!





CHEER UP, HOOCH, YOU'LL GET MORE
AND BIGGER CHANCES TO PROVE YOUR
POINT-- BE SURE TO SEE **MASCOT
MONKEYSHINES** IN NEXT ISSUE-THIS MAG